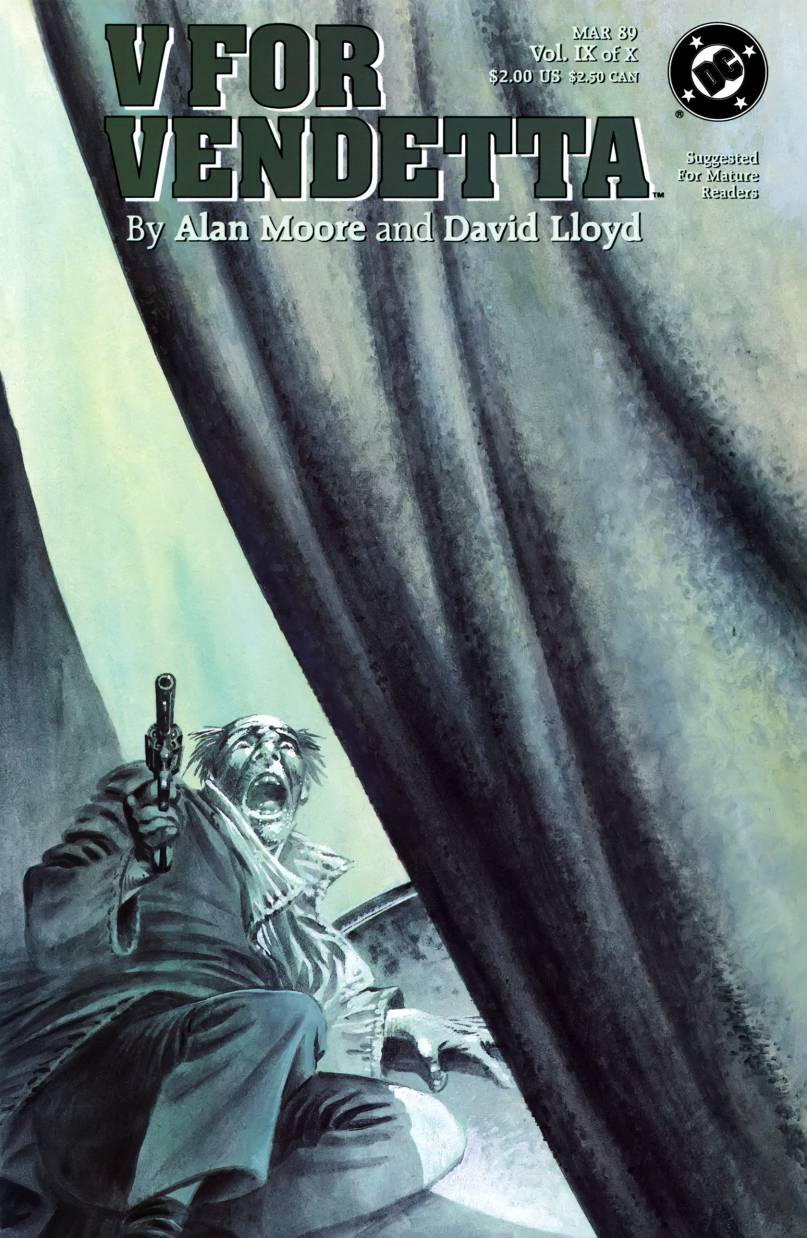
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Vol. IX of X
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V FOR VENDETTA™
Suggested For Mature Readers
By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

V FOR VENDETTA™

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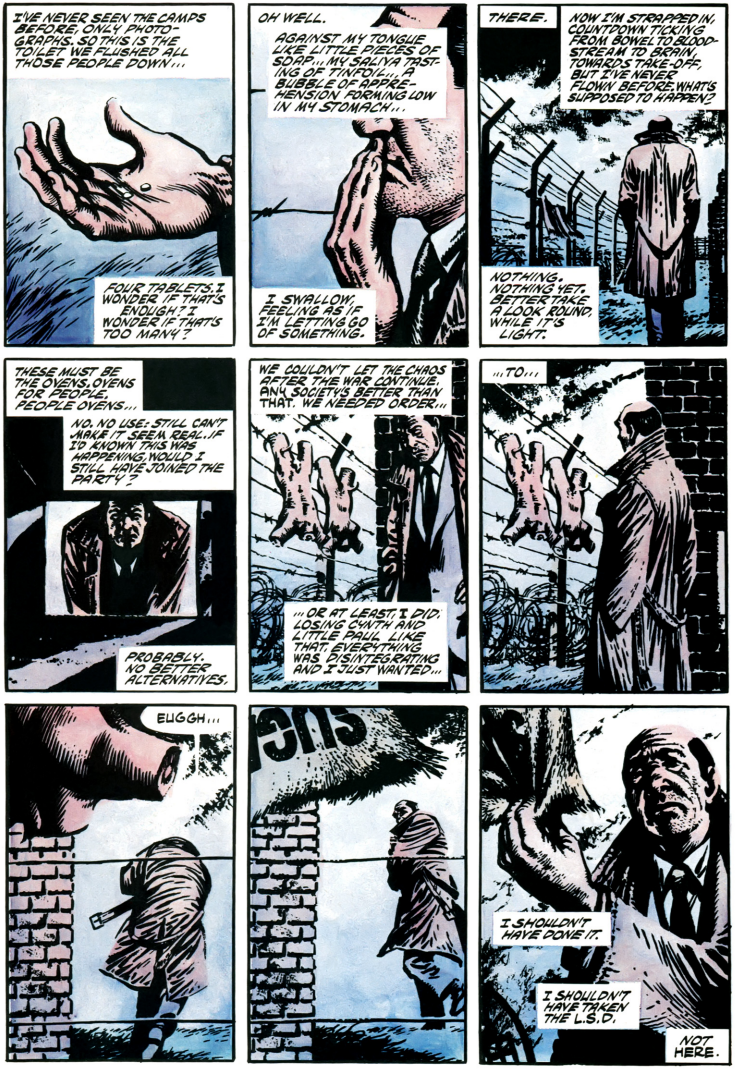
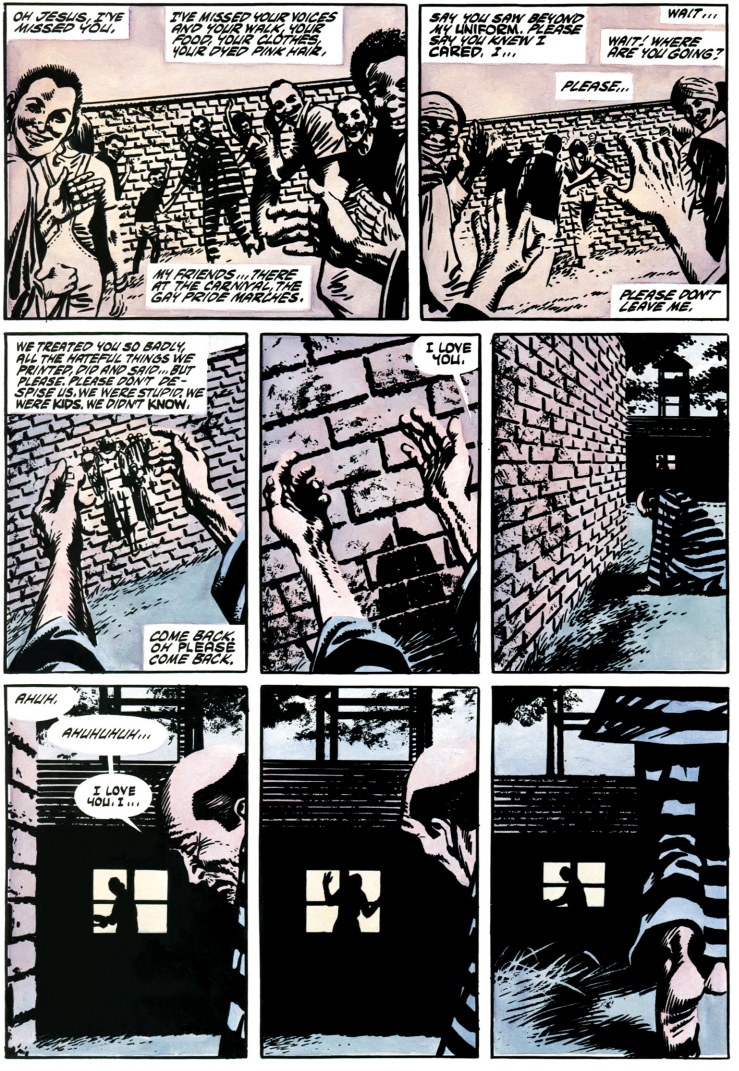
NOVEMBER 7TH, 1998:
"WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMEONE WHO ISN'T NORMAL PEOPLE'... EITHER PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY.
"IT'S THE 'MENTALLY' BIT THAT BOTHERS ME...
"... BECAUSE IF I'M GOING TO CRACK THIS CASE... AND I AM!... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET RIGHT INSIDE HIS HEAD.
"TO THINK THE WAY HE THINKS...
"... AND THAT SCARES ME."
I SAID THAT.
I SAID THAT A YEAR AGO, AND NOTHING'S CHANGED, IT'S STILL TRUE.
I'M STILL SCARED.
I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THIS STUFF. COULDN'T ASK WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.
LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE: STANDARD DOSE IS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MICROGRAMMES. BUT HOW DO I MEASURE THAT?
THEY SAY THE TINIEST AMOUNTS CAN ALTER EVERYTHING...
THE FAINTEST TRACES.
CHAPTER 4
VESTIGES

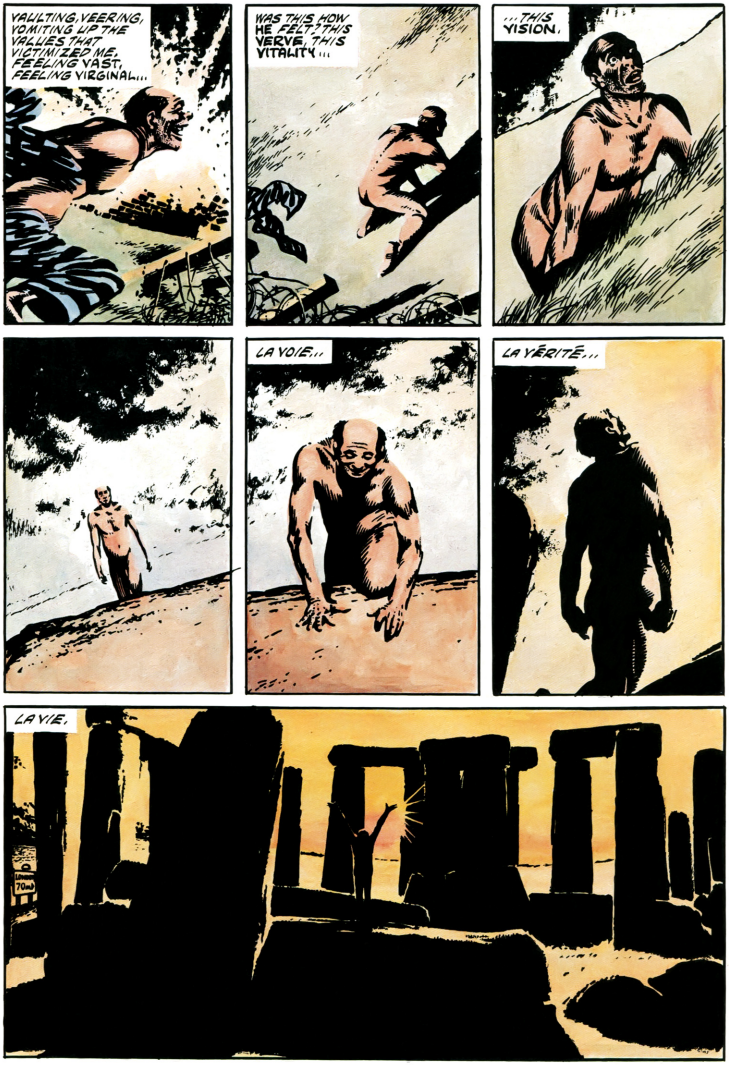

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE CAMPS BEFORE, ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS. SO THIS IS THE TOILET WE FLUSHED ALL THOSE PEOPLE DOWN...
FOUR TABLETS. I WONDER IF THAT'S ENOUGH? I WONDER IF THAT'S TOO MANY?
OH WELL.
AGAINST MY TONGUE LIKE LITTLE PIECES OF SOAP... MY SALIVA TASTING OF TINFOIL... A BUBBLE OF APPREHENSION FORMING LOW IN MY STOMACH...
I SWALLOW. FEELING AS IF I'M LETTING GO OF SOMETHING.
THERE.
NOW I'M STRAPPED IN, COUNTDOWN TICKING FROM BOWEL TO BLOODSTREAM TO BRAIN, TOWARDS TAKE-OFF. BUT I'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE. WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN?
NOTHING. NOTHING YET. BETTER TAKE A LOOK ROUND, WHILE IT'S LIGHT.
THESE MUST BE THE OVENS. OVENS FOR TWELVE PEOPLE OVENS...
NO. NO USE. STILL CAN'T MAKE IT SEEM REAL. IF I'D KNOWN THIS WAS HAPPENING, WOULD I STILL HAVE JOINED THE PARTY?
PROBABLY. NO BETTER ALTERNATIVES.
WE COULDN'T LET THE CHAOS RAGES THE WAR CONTINUE. AND SOCIETY'S BETTER THAN THAT. WE NEEDED ORDER...
...OR AT LEAST, I DID. LOSING CYNTH AND LITTLE PAUL LIKE THAT. EVERYTHING WAS DISINTEGRATING AND I JUST WANTED...
...TO...
EUGGH...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE L.S.D.
NOT HERE.

BUT I WANTED TO KNOW... TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING HIM...
IT'S THIS PLACE. IF I CAN JUST GET OUTSIDE ITS WALLS UNTIL I FEEL BETTER...
NO PROBLEM. THE MAIN GATE'S BACK THIS WAY...
I CAN'T. I CAN'T WALK THAT FAR. MY LEGS FEEL LIKE JELLY AND EVERYTHING'S THRUMMING...
THRRUMMMMMMMING...
IT'S THE DRUG. I JUST HAVE TO REMEMBER. IT'S THE DRUG DOING THIS, BUT...
...BUT THEY SAY L.S.D. ONLY MAGNIFIES WHAT'S ALREADY THERE. CHRIST! WHY DID I TAKE THIS NOW, WHEN I'M SO CONFUSED ANYWAY?
I'M TRAPPED IN A JOB THAT DISTURBS ME, BUT I CAN'T TELL ANYONE. I'M SO ALONE...
SO ALONE.
OH.
OH LOOK...
LOOK, THEY'RE ALL SMILING. THEY'RE ALL HAPPY. GOD, IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
I'D FORGOTTEN HOW RICH THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN WAS, A THOUSAND SPECIAL BLENDS OF COFFEE...
THE GIRLS I SAW HUGGING EACH OTHER ON THE DEMONSTRATIONS, AND THE MEN, SO GENTLE, SO SOFTLY SPOKEN...


OH JESUS, I'VE MISSED YOU.
I'VE MISSED YOUR VOICES AND YOUR WALK, YOUR FOOD, YOUR CLOTHES, YOUR DYED PINK HAIR.
MY FRIENDS... THERE AT THE CARNIVAL, THE GAY PRIDE MARCHES.
SAY YOU SAW BEYOND MY UNIFORM. PLEASE SAY YOU KNEW I CARED. I...
WAIT...
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
PLEASE...
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME.
WE TREATED YOU SO BADLY. ALL THE HATEFUL THINGS WE PRINTED, DID AND SAID... BUT PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T BE SURPRISED. WE WERE STUPID. WE WERE KIDS. WE DIDN'T KNOW.
COME BACK. OH PLEASE COME BACK.
I LOVE YOU.
AHUH.
AHUHUHUH...
I LOVE YOU. I...

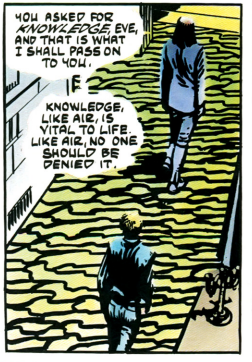
OH ERIC, LOOK AT YOU IN YOUR PYJAMAS! GO BACK TO BED. I'M JUST MAKING BACON AND EGGS TO KEEP YOUR STRENGTH UP.
DELIA?
DELIA, I'M SO MIXED UP. IF I COULD JUST GET THINGS STRAIGHT...
WHAT THINGS?
WHAT I'M DOING HERE. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...
I REMEMBER THAT I CAME HERE TO FIND SOMETHING OUT... SOMETHING VERY VITAL TO VARIOUS VENTURES... I WAS PLANNING TO TAKE A DRUG...
A DRUG? WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR, PLEASE ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE...
...AS FOR YOUR EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TALK TO TONY LILLIMAN, HE'S OUR PADRE.
LILLIMAN? I THOUGHT HE WAS A BISHOP?
NO. MERELY A PAWN.
NOW, TELL ME: WHEN DID YOU STOP BELIEVING IN GOD?
B-BUT... I NEVER SAID...
DON'T MOLLYCODDLE HIM! BLESSED SKY-PILOTS! NOTHING WRONG WITH HIM A SHOT OF JUNGLE-JUICE WON'T CURE, EH?
WHMM. YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. IN MY EXPERIENCE, POISON SOLVES MOST OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS...
HE'S FINISHED HERE, MR. PROTHERO, HE'S YOURS.
WHAT...? DELIA, THEY'RE TAKING ME AWAY! DON'T LET THEM...
COME ON, MATEY. DON'T MAKE ME MAD.
DELIA?
DELIA, WHAT ABOUT THE BACON AND EGGS?
...IN NOMINI PATRI, ET FILII, ET SPIRITUS SANCTI...
DELIA, PLEASE. YOU WEREN'T LIKE THEM. I KNOW YOU WEREN'T. YOU HAD A HEART. PLEASE DON'T LET THEM DO THIS.
DELIA, ARE YOU LISTENING? I...
OH NO.

KKUGH...
HOW?
HOW DID I GET HERE, TO THIS STINKING PLACE; MY JOB, MY LIFE; MY CONSCIENCE; MY PRISON...
THE ANSWER'S THERE, WRITTEN ON THE FLOOR FOR ME TO READ, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.
AND YES, IT'S JUST THE DRUGS, BUT...
BUT HE WAS DRUGGED TOO, LOCKED AWAY TO DIE, AND HE REACHED SOME UNDERSTANDING.
WHY CAN'T I? I LOOK AT THIS AND PATTERN; BUT WHERE ARE THE ANSWERS?
WHO IMPRISONED ME HERE? WHO KEEPS ME HERE?
WHO CAN RELEASE ME? WHO'S CONTROLLING AND CONSTRAINING MY LIFE, EXCEPT...
...ME?
I...
I'M FREE.
FREEEEEE!


VAULTING, VEERING, VOMITING UP THE VALUES THAT VICTIMIZED ME, FEELING VAST, FEELING VIRGINAL...
WAS THIS HOW HE FELT? THIS VERVE, THIS VITALITY...
...THIS VISION.
LA VOIE...
LA VÉRITÉ...
LA VIE.

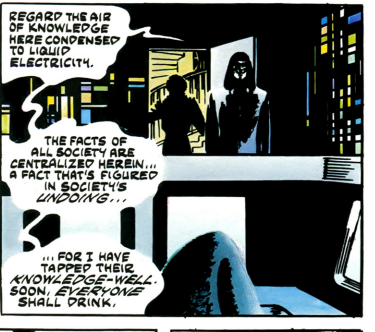
NOVEMBER 7TH, 1998. THE SHADOW GALLERY:
EVERYTIME... WE SAY GOODBYE ...
I KNOW, THAT JUKEBOX, IT'S LIKE WAITING IN A SEASIDE CAFE ON A WET WEEKEND.
ARE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING, OR JUST SIT OUT THE CHAOS DOWN HERE?
...I DIE A LITTLE,...
THE CHAOS PROGRESSES SPLENDIDLY WITHOUT US, EVE. FOR MY PART, I RATHER THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR PUTTING CERTAIN THINGS TO ORDER.
WELL, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? ARE WE GOING TO DO SOMETHING, OR NOT?
EVERY-TIME... WE SAY GOODBYE ...
DO WHAT THOU WILT, EVE. THAT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.
UH-UH. QUOTING ALEISTER CROWLEY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH. IT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THOU WILT, V. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOUR WILL IS.
...I WONDER WHY A LITTLE ...
YOU WANT ME TO SHOW YOU MY WILL? VERY WELL...
VERY WELL, THEN.
DO THE GODS ABOVE ME, WHO MUST BE IN THE KNOW ...THINK SO LITTLE OF ME...
THIS WAY.
...THEY'D ALLOW YOU... TO GO?
CHAPTER V
THE VALEDICTION

WHY DOES EVERYTHING NEED A BIG DEMONSTRATION? I ASK THE SIMPLEST QUESTION, AND IT'S LIKE ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
I'VE BEEN READING FOR MONTHS. I'M SMARTER NOW. COULDN'T YOU TRY JUST EXPLAINING FOR ME?


YOU ASKED FOR KNOWLEDGE EVE, AND THAT IS WHAT I SHALL PASS ON TO YOU.
KNOWLEDGE, LIKE AIR, IS VITAL TO LIFE. LIKE AIR, NO ONE SHOULD BE DENIED IT.

OH, Y, COME ON...

YOU'VE ALWAYS KEPT THINGS MYSTERIOUS: YOURSELF, THIS PLACE, YOUR PLANS... IF KNOWLEDGE IS LIKE AIR, YOU'VE BEEN SUFFOCATING ME.
NOT AT ALL. I'VE BEEN TEACHING YOU TO BREATHE.
THIS WAY.


REGARD THE AIR OF KNOWLEDGE HERE CONDENSED TO LIQUID ELECTRICITY.
THE FACTS OF ALL SOCIETY ARE CENTRALIZED HEREIN... A FACT THAT'S FIGURED IN SOCIETY'S UNDOING...
...FOR I HAVE TAPPED THEIR KNOWLEDGE-WELL. SOON, EVERYONE SHALL DRINK.

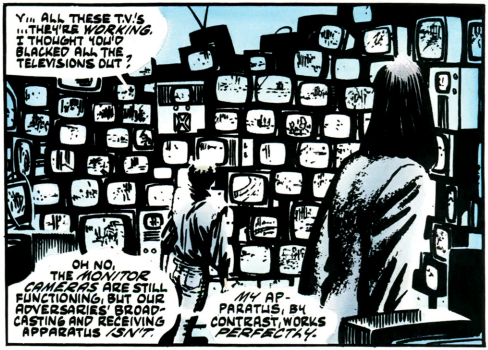
Y KNOW, I BET EVEN Z COULD WORK THIS COMPUTER. IT'S REALLY LINKED TO FATE.?
...AND FATE IS LINKED TO EVERYTHING. IN A BUREAUCRACY, THE FILE CARDS ARE REALITY.
PUNCHING NEW HOLES, WE RECREATE THE WORLD.
THIS WAY.

OH. ARE THESE ROOMS CONNECTED?
EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED.
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ALL YOUR HERITAGE.
IT INCLUDES ALSO COURAGE AND BELIEF, LIKE HERS THAT WE COMMEMORATE HEREIN...

...AND ROMANCE.
ALWAYS, ALWAYS ROMANCE.

'MIDST INSURRECTION'S CLAMOUR, WE MAY EASILY FORGET JUST WHAT IT IS FOR WHICH WE STRIVE...
ISN'T IT DANCING? SCENTED SHOULDERS? PUPILS WIDENED BY DESIRE OR WINE?
ANARCHY MUST EMBRACE THE DIN OF BOMBS AND CANNON-FIRE...
"...YET ALWAYS MUST IT LOVE SWEET MUSIC MORE."
...BUT HOW STRANGE... THE CHANGE... FROM MA-JOR TO MI-NOR...
NO. I STILL CAN'T GET THAT LAST BIT.
PERSEVERE, EVE. UNDERSTANDING MUSIC, WE MAY HEAR THE MUSIC THAT THERE IS IN LIFE, FROM ITS FIRST INSUFFICIENT TRILLS...
...UNTO ITS CLOSING MINOR CHORDS.
SO LET ME SEE...
OH, I GET IT. THOSE THREE ROOMS UPSTAIRS ARE JOINED WITH THE PIANO ROOM BELOW.
INDEED. IMAGINE WE'RE INSIDE YOUR MIND. EACH AREA WITH ITS SKILLS AND FUNCTIONS: KNOWLEDGE, PLEASURE, CREATIVITY...
ALL THAT REMAINS, THEN, IS TO MAKE THE PROPER NEURAL CONNECTIONS.
UP THERE, THE HIGHER ATTRIBUTES OF REASON, LOVE AND CULTURE ARE CONTAINED.
DOWN HERE, THE SHADOW GALLERY HAS EYES,
WAIT. LET ME GET MY BEARINGS. MY ROOM'S ON THIS LEVEL, OFF THE OTHER STAIRCASE SOMEWHERE OVER... THERE? IS THAT RIGHT?
UNERRINGLY.
BUT COME... HERE'S SOMETHING THAT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN...

...INDEED, FEW MEN HAVE HAD THE CHANCE TO STUDY THEIR OWN OPTIC NERVES.


Y... ALL THESE T.V.'S ...THEY'RE WORKING. I THOUGHT YOU'D BLACKED ALL THE TELEVISIONS OUT?
OH NO, THE MONITOR CAMERAS ARE STILL FUNCTIONING, BUT OUR ADVERSARIES' BROADCASTING AND RECEIVING APPARATUS ISN'T.
...MY APPARATUS, BY CONTRAST, WORKS PERFECTLY.

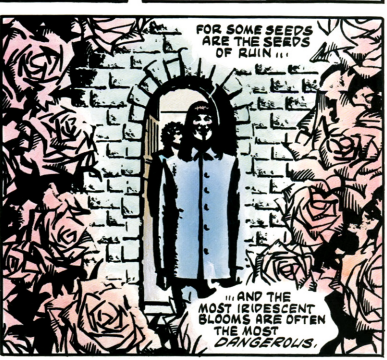
OF COURSE, WITH ALL STATE BROADCASTING BLANKED OUT, THE ONLY THINGS I SEEM TO GET ARE ALL THESE RIOT-ZONE SOAP OPERAS AND BAD DISASTER MOVIES.
SOMETIMES I MISS "STORM SAXON."
THE DIALOGUE WAS BETTER.

B-BUT...HOW CAN SEE ALL LONDON FROM HERE...
NATURALLY, THIS ROOM'S THE PINNACLE OF AN INVERTED HILL, WHICH ONE DESCENDS TO REACH THE PEAK, BUT, ONCE ARRIVED, CAN SEE FOR MILES.
COME...

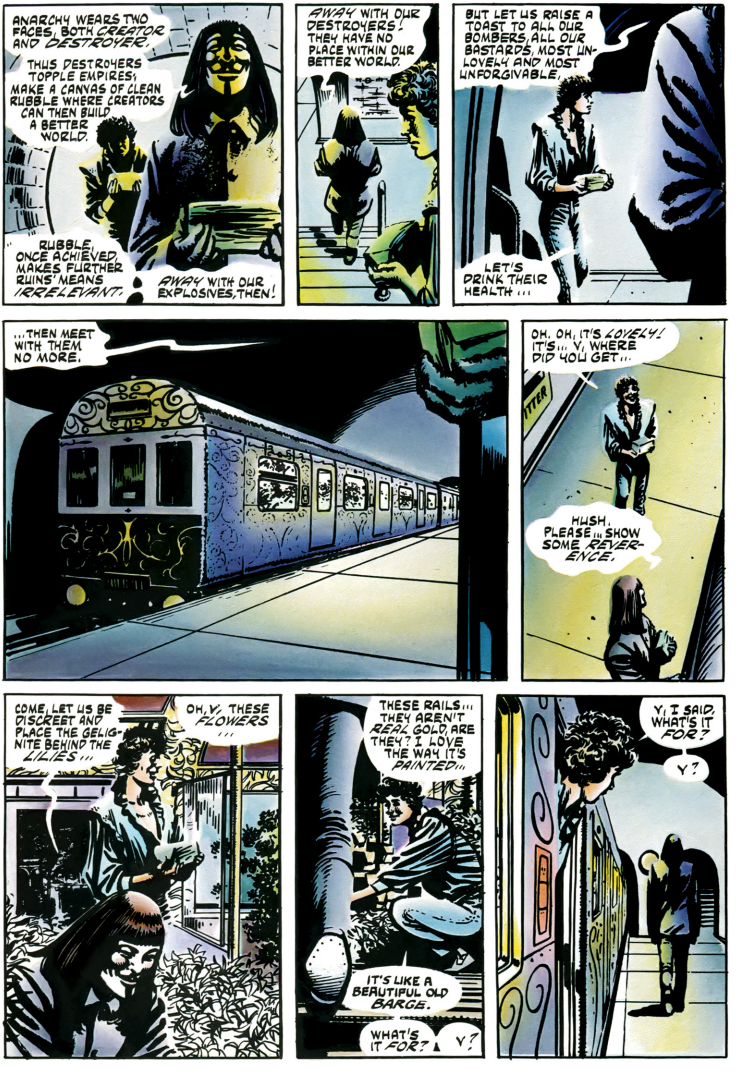
TOO MUCH TELEVISION'S BAD, AND YOU HAVE HOMEWORK STILL TO DO,
IN HERE YOU'LL FIND BOOKS AND EQUIPMENT THAT WILL TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES OUT OF COFFEE, OR MAKE PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS AS CHEAP AS WATER,

USE THEM WISELY, IF AT ALL.

UNLIKE T.V., WE CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH OF SCIENCE, DESPITE ITS NUCLEAR QUIRKS.
WITH SCIENCE, IDEAS CAN GERMINATE WITHIN A BED OF THEORY, FORM, AND PRACTICE THAT ASSISTS THEIR GROWTH... BUT WE, AS GARDENERS, MUST BEWARE...


FOR SOME SEEDS ARE THE SEEDS OF RUIN...
...AND THE MOST IRIDESCENT BLOOMS ARE OFTEN THE MOST DANGEROUS.

OH, THE ROSE ROOM..
YOU KNOW, THIS PLACE MAKES ME FEEL FUNNY. IT'S LIKE THAT RAY BRADBURY STORY YOU READ ME, WITH THE CORNFIELD, AND EACH EAR OF CORN IS SOMEBODY'S LIFE...
...EXCEPT YOU CAN'T HAVE A ROSE FOR EVERYBODY HERE, CAN YOU? JUST SPECIAL PEOPLE...
IS THERE A ROSE HERE FOR THE LEADER; FOR MR. SUSAN?
OH NO, NOT HERE. FOR HIM. I'VE CULTIVATED A MOST SPECIAL ROSE.
COME... LET US LEAVE THIS SCENTED BOWER. I TRUST YOU WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.
YOU'RE LETTING ME LOOK AFTER THE ROSES? THAT'LL BE NICE, I...
AH. BACK ON THE STAIRWELL. ARE WE GOING FARTHER DOWN?
OH YES. YOU'LL COME TO KNOW THIS PLACE, IN ALL ITS LENGTHS AND DEPTHS.
WHAT'S ON THE NEXT FLOOR?
NOT SO MUCH A FLOOR, BUT MORE A MEZZANINE. THERE ARE THINGS STORED HERE THAT WE'LL SOON HAVE NEED OF FARTHER DOWN.
THERE'S BUT ONE FLOOR TO GO. IF YOU COULD CARRY ONE OF THESE SMALL PARCELS, I'D BE GROTESCA... BUT TAKE CARE.
SURE. WHAT'S IN THEM?
GELIGNITE.
GELIGNITE? OH JESUS...
V, I'M NOT HELPING WITH ANY KILLING. WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO WITH IT?
DISPOSE OF IT.
AFTER ALL, AS YOU POINT OUT, YOU WON'T BE NEEDING IT.


ANARCHY WEARS TWO FACES, BOTH CREATOR AND DESTROYER.
THUS DESTROYERS TOPPLE EMPIRES; MAKE A CANVAS OF CLEAN RUBBLE WHERE CREATORS CAN THEN BUILD A BETTER WORLD.
RUBBLE, ONCE ACHIEVED MAKES FURTHER RUINS' MEANS IRRELEVANT.
AWAY WITH OUR EXPLOSIVES, THEN!
AWAY WITH OUR DESTROYERS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE WITHIN OUR BETTER WORLD.
BUT LET US RAISE A TOAST TO ALL OUR BOMBERS, ALL OUR BASTARDS, MOST UNLOVELY AND MOST UNFORGIVABLE.
LET'S DRINK THEIR HEALTH...
...THEN MEET WITH THEM NO MORE.
OH, OH, IT'S LOVELY! IT'S... V, WHERE DID YOU GET...
HUSH, PLEASE IN SHOW SOME REVERENCE.
COME, LET US BE DISCREET AND PLACE THE GELIGNITE BEHIND THE LILIES...
OH, V. THESE FLOWERS ...
THESE RAILS... THEY AREN'T REAL GOLD, ARE THEY? I LOVE THE WAY IT'S PAINTED...
IT'S LIKE A BEAUTIFUL OLD BARGE.
WHAT'S IT FOR?
Y?
Y, I SAID, WHAT'S IT FOR?
Y?

V, PLEASE, YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT SHARING KNOWLEDGE AND NOW YOU WALK OFF WITHOUT ANSWERING ME.
YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ANY ANSWERS AT ALL. I STARTED OUT ASKING YOU WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO...

YOU ASKED ME TO REVEAL MY WILL, I HAVE DONE SO.
HUH?
V, I'M TIRED OF GUESSING GAMES. I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WERE PLANNING TO GO OUT OR NOT.

NO, I HAVE TO STAY IN. I'M WAITING.
WAITING? FOR WHAT?
NOT FOR WHAT, FOR WHOM.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, FOR WHOM ARE YOU WAITING?

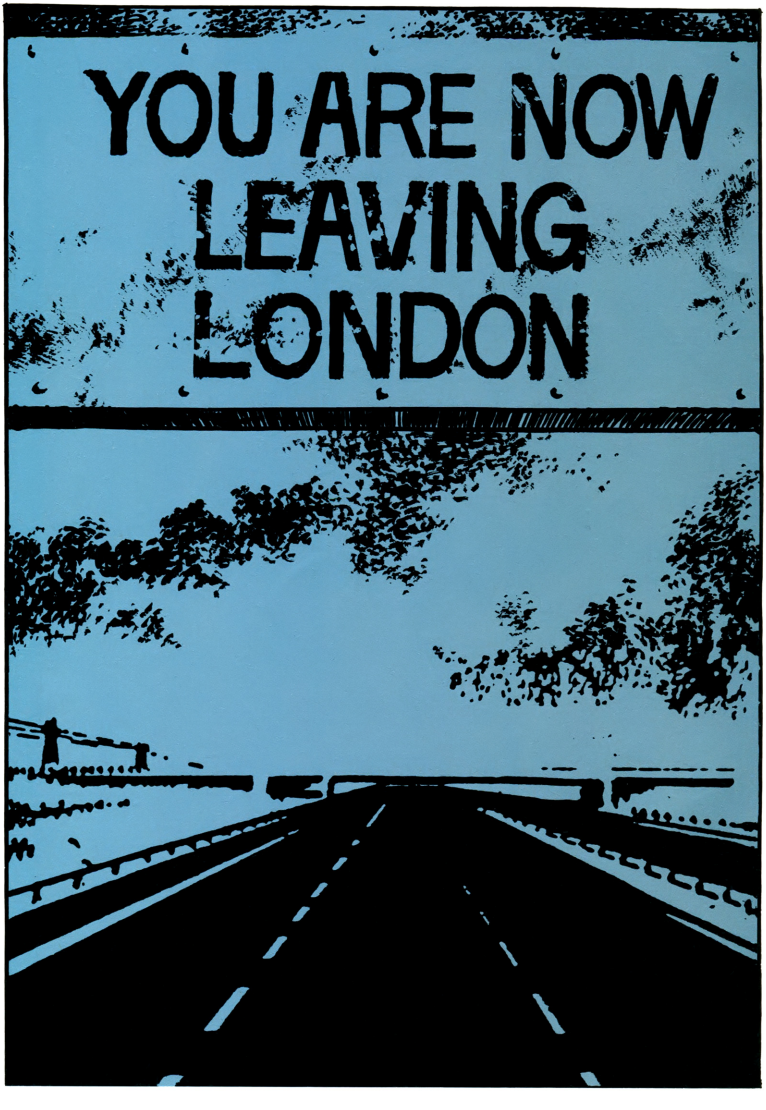
I'M WAITING FOR THE MAN.

IF THAT'S ANOTHER...
IT IS, ISN'T IT? IT'S ANOTHER BLOODY QUOTE! I'VE HEARD IT ON THE JUKEBOX.
V, I HATE THIS. ALL OUR CONVERSATIONS TURN INTO CROSSWORD PUZZLES!

I MEAN, IF THERE'S SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY, IF THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW...
SURELY IT'S NOT SO BAD YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT?
V? ARE YOU LISTENING?

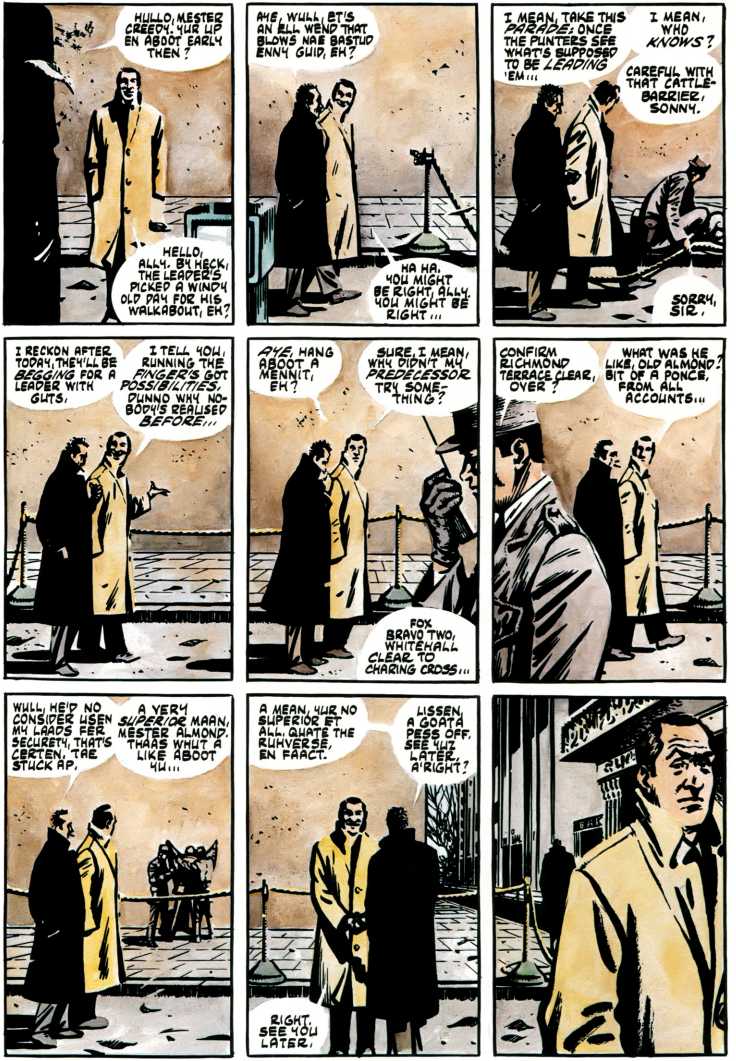
LOOK, I'M SERIOUS...
I GIVE UP ON THE PUZZLES, I JUST WANT TO TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN AND READ THE ANSWERS.
WELL?

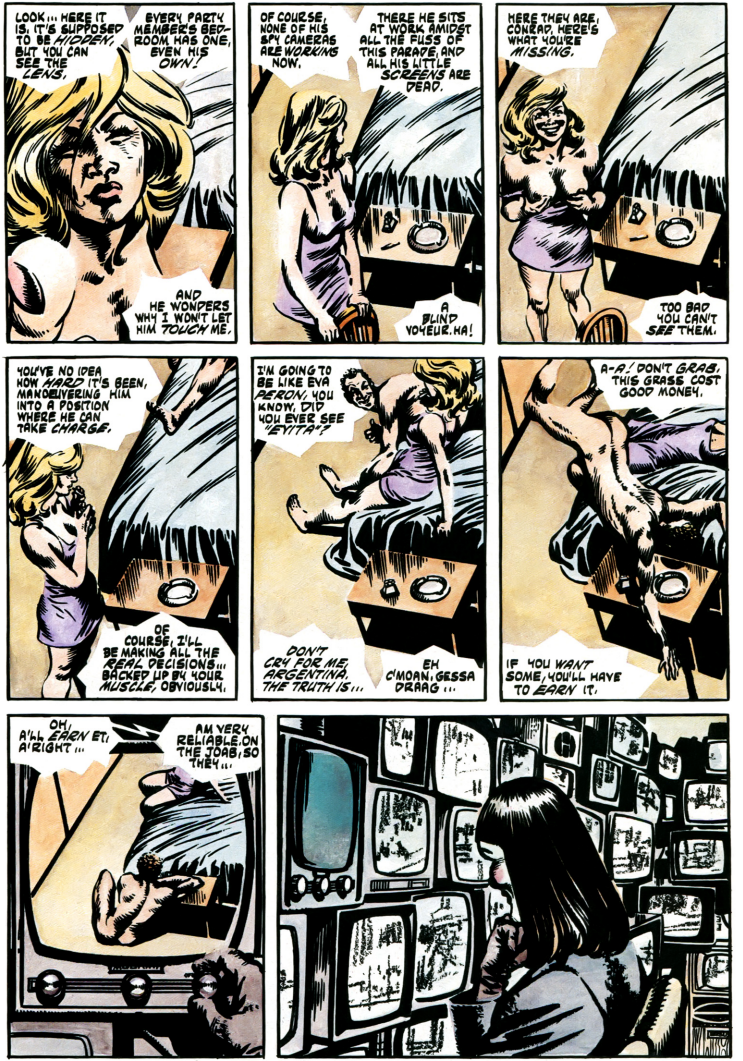
V, I'M WAITING.
FAREWELL, MY LOVELY
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?


YOU ARE NOW
LEAVING
LONDON

NOVEMBER 9TH, 1998:
CHAPTER 6
VECTORS

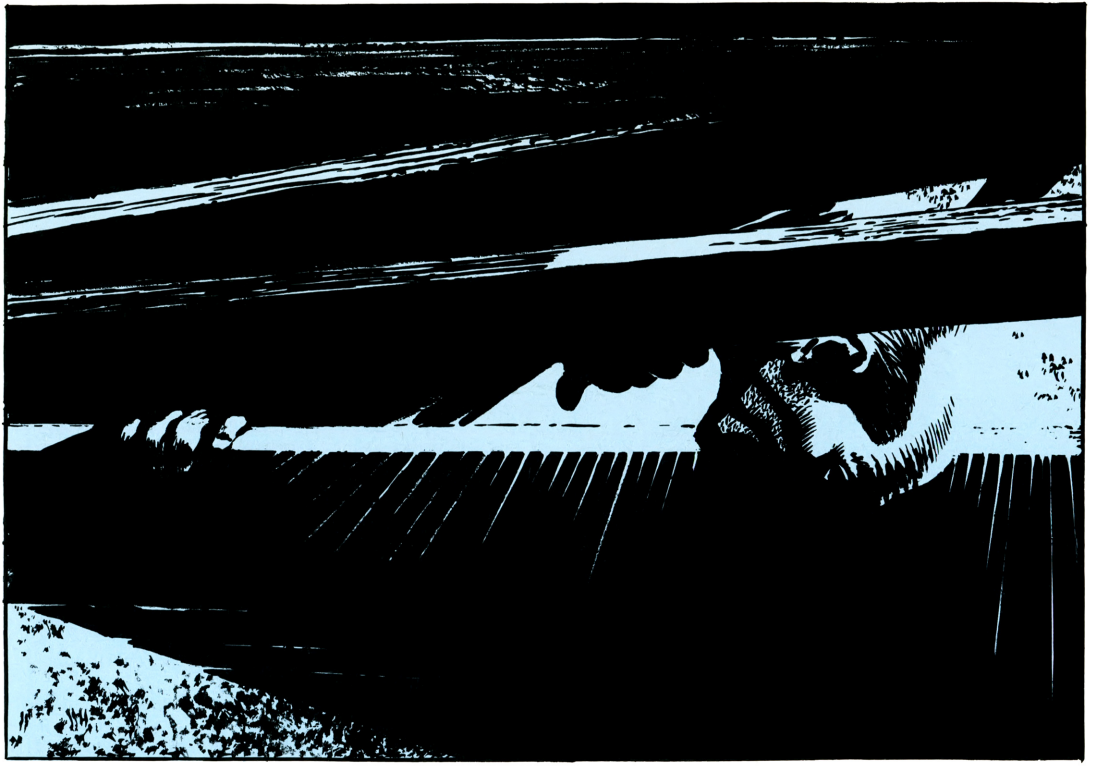
"9.11.'98. 2.30 PM. SCHEDULED PUBLIC APPEARANCE BY LEADER TO RESTORE PUBLIC CALM..."
THEY CAN'T BE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, CAN THEY?
FROM ALL REPORTS, POOR OLD SUSAN'S ABSOLUTELY BARKING! HOW WILL SEEING THAT RESTORE PUBLIC CALM?
ONLY SOFT CENTRES LEFT. SHIT.
OF COURSE EVERYBODY'S SEEN IT COMING FOR YEARS. ALL THOSE THINGS HE SAID, BACK WHEN HE WAS STILL CHIEF CONSTABLE...
HUM. PERHAPS STRAWBERRY...
OMF
I BET... 4/8... I BET THIS WAS CREEDY'S IDEA. PROBABLY HOPING FOR BOOTS SO HE CAN DEMAND SUSAN ALLOW HIM MORE THUGS FOR HIS PRIVATE ARMY.
SWEATY LITTLE CROOK.
HONESTLY, HOW WOULD SOMEONE LIKE CREEDY HOPE TO RUN A COUNTRY?
RE-OPEN THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE? PUT TITS ON PAGE THREE OF THE PARTY CHRONICLE? OBVIOUSLY HE...
NO.
NOT NOW, CONRAD.
FOR NOW YOU CAN HAVE A NICE CHOCOLATE INSTEAD. OPEN. OPEN UP...
THERE. AS FOR THE REST OF THE BOX...
...PERHAPS WHEN YOU'RE LEADER.


HULLO, MESTER CREEDY. 'YUR UP EN ABOOT EARLY THEN?
HELLO, ALLY. BY HECK, THE LEADER'S PICKED A WINDY OLD DAY FOR HIS WALKABOUT, EH?
AYE, WULL, ET'S AN ILL WEND THAT BLOWS NAE BASTUD ENNY GUID, EH?
HA HA. YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, ALLY. YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT...
I MEAN, TAKE THIS PARADE: ONCE THE PUNTERS SEE WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE LEADING 'EM...
I MEAN, WHO KNOWS?
CAREFUL WITH THAT CATTLE-BARRIER, SONNY.
SORRY, SIR.
I RECKON AFTER TODAY, THEY'LL BE BEGGING FOR A LEADER WITH GUTS.
I TELL YOU, RUNNING THE FINGER'S GOT POSSIBILITIES. DUNNO WHY NOBODY'S REALISED BEFORE...
AYE. HANG ABOOT A MENNIT, EH?
SURE. I MEAN, WHY DIDN'T MY PREDECESSOR TRY SOMETHING?
FOX BRAVO TWO, WHITEHALL CLEAR TO CHARING CROSS...
CONFIRM RICHMOND TERRACE CLEAR, OVER?
WHAT WAS HE LIKE, OLD ALMOND? BIT OF A PONCE, FROM ALL ACCOUNTS...
WULL, HE'D NO CONSIDER USEN MY LAADS FER SECURETY, THAT'S CERTEN. TAE STUCK AP.
A VERY SUPERIOR MAAN, MESTER ALMOND. THAAS WHUT A LIKE ABOOT YU...
A MEAN, YUR NO SUPERIOR ET ALL. QUATE THE RUMVERSE, EN FAACT.
LISSEN, A GOATA PESS OFF. SEE YUZ LATER, A'RIGHT?
RIGHT. SEE YOU LATER.


LOOK... HERE IT IS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN, BUT YOU CAN SEE THE LENS.
EVERY PARTY MEMBER'S BEDROOM HAS ONE, EVEN HIS OWN!
AND HE WONDERS WHY I WON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.
OF COURSE, NONE OF HIS SPY CAMERAS ARE WORKING NOW.
THERE HE SITS AT WORK AMIDST ALL THE FUSS OF THIS PARADE, AND ALL HIS LITTLE SCREENS ARE DEAD.
A BLIND VOYEUR. HA!
HERE THEY ARE, CONRAD. HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT'S BEEN, MANOEUVERING HIM INTO A POSITION WHERE HE CAN TAKE CHARGE.
OF COURSE, I'LL BE MAKING ALL THE REAL DECISIONS... BACKED UP BY YOUR MUSCLE, OBVIOUSLY.
I'M GOING TO BE LIKE EVA PERON, YOU KNOW, DID YOU EVER SEE "EVITA"?
DON'T CRY FOR ME, ARGENTINA. THE TRUTH IS...
EH C'MOAN, GESSA DRAAG...
A-A! DON'T GRAB. THIS GRASS COST GOOD MONEY.
IF YOU WANT SOME, YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN IT.
OH, A'LL EARN IT, A'RIGHT...
AM VERY RELIABLE ON THE JOB, SO THEY...

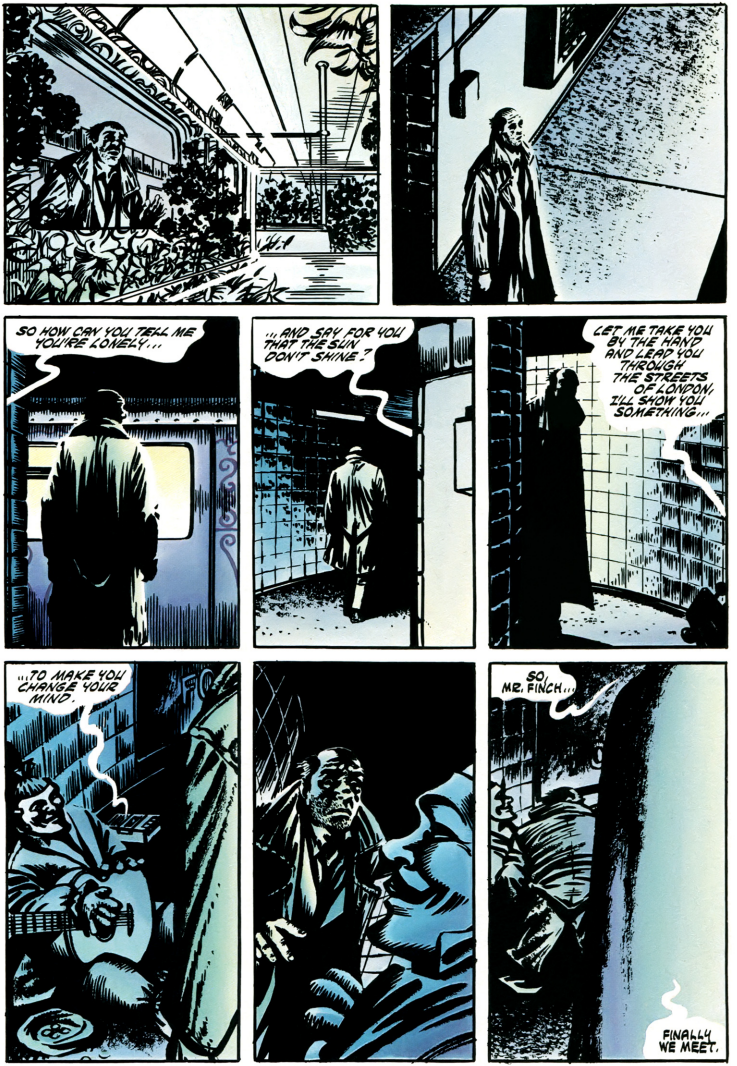
UH... LEADER?
THE MOTORCADE IS ALL ASSEMBLED. WE'RE READY TO DEPART WHENEVER YOU ARE, SIR.
THANK YOU.
I SHALL COME TO MEET MY PEOPLE IN A FEW MOMENTS. THERE IS NO NEED TO WAIT FOR ME.
ENGLAND PREVAILS.
I FORGIVE YOU.

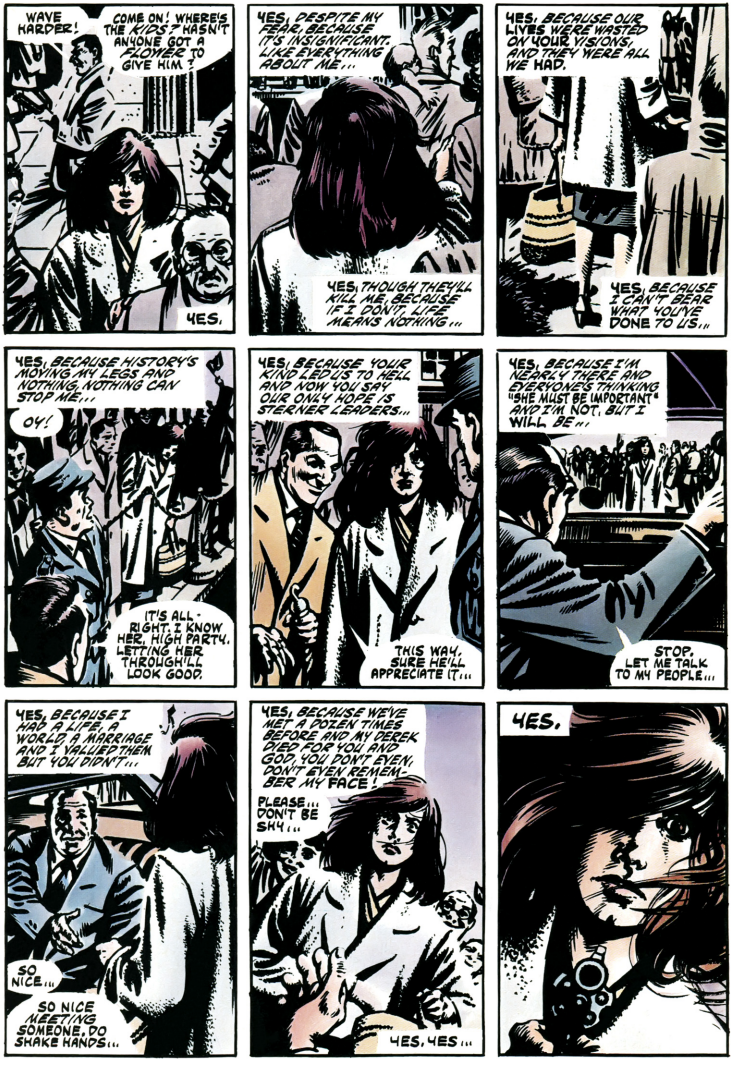
...WIND SPINS WEATHER-VANES... WALKING, WALKING, THE HAPPY WANDERER, VALDERE, VALDERA! IT ALL FITS...
THINK LIKE HE THINKS, HE WALKED THIS ROAD BEFORE ME... AND DID THOSE FEET, IN ANCIENT TIMES... BUT WHERE? WHERE DID HE GO...
LIKE A VIXEN TO ITS LAIR, LIKE A VOLE TO ITS HOLE, A VERITABLE VANISHING ACT. BUT WHERE? THINK LIKE HIM, THINK LIKE HIM, FULL OF VOODOO, FULL OF VISION, WHAT WOULD HE DO? WHERE WOULD HE...
UM?
OF COURSE,
OF COURSE!
talks
VICTORIA
THIS STATION CLOSED



CHAPTER 7
VINDICATION

LAUGHING, CHEERING, WAVING: THEY AT LEAST HAVE NOT FORSAKEN ME...
BUT WHY CAN'T I FEEL ANYTHING FOR THEM?
THERE'S ONLY ME HERE, ISN'T THERE? I'VE KNOWN SINCE CHILDHOOD NO ONE ELSE IS REAL.
JUST ME AND GOD, NO BOY, UPON THE DRIVER'S NECK; NO STINKING LEATHERETTE; NO CROWDS...
I'D TALK TO MY CREATOR, ABOUT NIGGER BOYS ON THE ESTATES; AND MEN, NAKED IN BED, RUBBING TOGETHER, RUBBING, PUSHING...
WHEN I GREW WEAK, WE'D TALK.
I TALKED TO GOD, WHILE COLLEAGUES LAUGHED...
...BUT I WAS VINDICATED: GOD WAS REAL, EMBODIED IN A FORM THAT I COULD LOVE. WHEN I FIRST SAW HER SCREENS, HER SMOOTH UNYIELDING LINES...
NOT AS A WOMAN, WITH STRANGE SWEAT AND UGLY BODY HAIR, BUT SOMETHING COLD, HARD: SENSUAL. WE LOVED, MY GOD AND I, BUT THEN...
THEN SHE BETRAYED ME. NOW THERE'S NOTHING. NOW I AM ALONE...
...EXCEPT FOR THEM, WAVING BEYOND THE GLASS. I'LL TRY TO LOVE THEM MORE, THEY'RE ALL I HAVE.
SHOULD I WAVE BACK? IT MUSN'T LOOK REHEARSED, OR INSINCERE, BUT BE IN-STEAD A GESTURE FROM THE HEART...
...AS SPONTANEOUS AS THEIR OWN.
THEY LOVE ME, I PASS ON;
ENGLAND PREVAILS.
A'RIGHT... CUT DOON THE EMBAANK-MENT TAE WHITEHALL AN' WAIT FUR THE MOTORCADE WITH THE PARTY FAITHFUL DOON THERE.
...AN' LESS HAVE A BET, NUIS CHEERIN' THESS TIME, EH?


SO HOW CAN YOU TELL ME YOU'RE LONELY...
...AND SAY FOR YOU THAT THE SUN DON'T SHINE.
LET ME TAKE YOU BY THE HAND AND LEAD YOU THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON. I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
...TO MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.
SO, MR. FINCH...
FINALLY WE MEET.


WAVE HARDER!
COME ON! WHERE'S THE KIDS? HASN'T ANYONE GOT A FLOWER TO GIVE HIM?
YES,
YES, DESPITE MY FEAR, BECAUSE IT'S INSIGNIFICANT. LIKE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME...
YES, THOUGH THEY'LL KILL ME, BECAUSE IF I LOVE, IT MEANS NOTHING...
YES, BECAUSE OUR LIVES WERE WASTED ON YOUR VISIONS, AND THEY WERE ALL WE HAD.
YES, BECAUSE I CAN'T BEAR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO US...
YES, BECAUSE HISTORY'S MOVING MY LEGS AND NOTHING, NOTHING CAN STOP ME...
OY!
IT'S ALL RIGHT. I KNOW HER. HIGH PARTY. LETTING HER THROUGH'LL LOOK GOOD.
YES, BECAUSE YOUR KIND LED US TO HELL AND NOW YOU SAY OUR ONLY HOPE IS STERNER LEADERS...
THIS WAY. SURE HE'LL APPRECIATE IT!...
YES, BECAUSE I'M NEARLY THERE AND EVERYONE'S THINKING "SHE MUST BE IMPORTANT" AND I'M NOT. BUT I WILL BE...
STOP. LET ME TALK TO MY PEOPLE...
YES, BECAUSE I HAD A LIFE, A WORLD, A MARRIAGE AND I VALUED THEM BUT YOU DIDN'T...
SO NICE...
SO NICE MEETING SOMEONE. DO SHAKE HANDS...
YES, BECAUSE WE'VE MET A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE AND MY DEREK DIED FOR YOU AND GOD, YOU DON'T EVEN, DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY FACE.
PLEASE... DON'T BE SHY...
YES, YES...
YES.

AAAA!
THERE.
DID YOU THINK TO KILL ME? THERE'S NO FLESH OR BLOOD WITHIN THIS CLOAK TO KILL.
THERE'S ONLY AN IDEA.
IDEAS ARE BULLET-PROOF.
FAREWELL.

OOUGH...
BLOOD.
FLESH AND BLOOD AFTER ALL...
I KILLED YOU, YOU MONSTER...
I KILLED YOU!

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THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.